

Ex-CBI Roundup

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —



November
1952





EXTERIOR VIEW of Howrah Railroad Station in Calcutta, showing balcony which was part of the American Red Cross "Skyline Canteen," where soldiers relaxed and enjoyed refreshments while waiting for trains. Note coolie carrying huge pile of baggage at left. Taxis waiting for fares at right, while policeman directs traffic in center. U.S. Army photo.



FROZEN BEEF in refrigerated trucks pass a busy corner on its way to the railroad yards in Calcutta, for transfer to cars on the Bengal & Assam railway. Photo taken January 1945 by U.S. Army. Note Calcutta tramcar at left.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

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November, 1952

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published bi-monthly by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theatre during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

Clarence R. Gordon.....Managing Editor

CONTRIBUTING STAFF

Sydney L. Greenberg.....Photo Editor
Wm. J. Adams.....Staff Artist
Wendell Ehret.....Staff Artist
Howard D. Scott, Jr.....Staff Artist
Boyd Sinclair.....Feature Writer
Lee Bakker.....Feature Writer
Tommy Amer.....Correspondent-Photographer
Murray Uran.....Washington Representative

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Letter FROM the Editor . . .

● Just as a matter of record, Roundup completes six years of publication with this issue. Of the original 500-odd men and women who made up the subscription lists, in 1946, nearly all of them are still readers. An additional 5,500 have joined us since that first mimeographed edition was published. To the few skeptics who didn't think we'd last a year, we say "Pfah!" To our knowledge, we're still the only magazine published in this country for veterans of a single theatre of war.

● The 1952 CBI Reunion at Omaha was the usual success. Not as many attended as was originally hoped, but the crowd was fair and a great time had by all. Milwaukee is already hard at work on the 1953 Fifth Anniversary Reunion which is destined to out-do all past affairs. Washington, D.C., has been selected as site for the 1954 Reunion. Incidentally, the Reunion at Milwaukee will be held August 13-14-15 for those of you who need the information for next year's vacation planning.

● Since Roundup has been publishing, we have had hundreds of subscribers who didn't receive their magazine for several months because they failed to notify us of their change of address when they moved. Don't let this happen to you!



'Irish Lullaby'

● The picture of the 142nd General Hospital in Calcutta (July issue) brought back pleasant memories. I was the Catholic Chaplain at Camp Dum Dum, Hialeah and a couple of other places in Calcutta. We shipped for home from Camp Dhakuria. Does anyone remember a famous Jeep in the Calcutta area called the "Irish Lullaby?" Well, that was my battlewagon! Congratulations on the fine job you are doing. Too bad I did not know of Roundup before this.

Rev. L. KENNEDY,
St. Joseph's Rectory
Hoboken, N.J.

Chicken Outfit?

● I belonged to the 726th Ry. Opn. and enjoyed an article you had about the railway battalions two years ago (Nov. 1950 issue). We're having a reunion in September in St. Louis. I attended the last one we had. The only regret I have is to have been attached to a chicken outfit. It was proven at our last reunion when not one officer attended!

SOL GANDLE,
Franklin, N. J.

Dr. Crary Dies

● Dr. Richard H. Crary, who served as a captain in the medical corps in China, was killed recently in an auto accident near Andale, Kan. Young Dr. Crary (33) was enroute to Denver to join his wife and two children for a month's vacation at the home of his parents when his car collided with another.

JAMES B. CASON,
Wichita, Kan.

490th Re-activated?

● Is there any truth that the 490th Bomb Squadron has been re-activated?

JULIUS ROSENFELD,
Norfolk, Va.

NOVEMBER, 1952

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STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF Ex-CBI Roundup magazine published Bi-monthly at Denver, Colorado for November, 1952.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Clarence R. Gordon, 2402 Curtis St., Denver, Colo.; Editor, Clarence R. Gordon, 2402 Curtis St., Denver, Colo.; Managing editor, Clarence R. Gordon, 2402 Curtis St., Denver, Colo.; Business manager, Clarence R. Gordon, 2402 Curtis St., Denver, Colo.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Clarence R. Gordon, 2402 Curtis St., Denver, Colo.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

CLARENCE R. GORDON, Editor



KITCHEN AND MESS hall of the 3305th Quartermaster Truck Co., located in the Harmony Church area at Ledo, Assam. Termites have long since devoured these bamboo and grass structures. Photo by W. S. Maxwell.

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To the Editor . . .

—Continued—

Dollar Tree

● I hear from nearly all of my boys from the Polo Grounds at Chabua. Often they tell me of a blessed event. When that takes place, I send them a silver dollar. Since we raise silver in Montana we would like folks to use those wonderful cartwheels. I note that folks in the East love the feel of silver. And so do I. Therefore, should any of "my boys" from the Polo Grounds or Karachi let me know, I am sure I will be able to pick a few silver dollars from the dollar tree in our back yard.

ARTHUR SERUMGARD,
Helena, Mont.

52nd Service Gp.

● The pictures are swell. They surely bring back memories. Would like to hear from someone who was in the 86th Air Service Squadron, 52nd Service Gp.

RICHARD S. JACOBS,
New Holland, Pa.

Charter Member

● Re "Hangover Square" (Sept. issue) was charter member, left Sept. 1945 after 26 glorious (?) months in India. Hope to look up the place if perchance get a flight that way. Roundup copies long gone to help unfortunate GI's who never knew CBIVA existed. Check on Wacs at Barrackpore. Only time I saw one she was escorted from Hastings Mill.

T/Sgt. E. T. SANTOS,
APO, New York, N.Y.

Pakistan Story

● The article on Pakistan by Frances E. Dunne (Sept. issue) a nurse from the 25th Field Hospital, was very interesting. Wish more of us could make a trip back and see many of the things we didn't get a chance to see while in the service.

ROBERT G. SAUR,
Mnpls., Minn.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

To the Editor—

China Santa

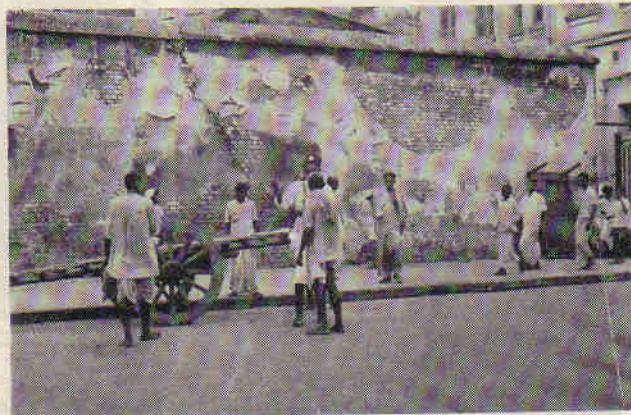
● Your reminiscing pages greatly enjoyed by this former ARC-er (Kunming, Chengtu). I would welcome news of Pfc. Harold Heironomous who by now has probably admitted to the home folks and his girl that he drove the first Clubmobile in China . . . once in cotton whiskers and red sock cap as Santa Claus to fighter fields.

GUIDA R. NIXON,
New York, N.Y.

Corn Cob Pipe

● In reference to the letter of R. Greenwood, Surrey, England, in which he requested a corn cob pipe. Thought you might like to know his request has been filled. Incidentally, I never note any letters from the boys who were with the 84th Air Depot Group at Bangalore. Would like to hear from any of them, especially those interested in a reunion.

R. H. MASON,
Bennettsville, S.C.



CALCUTTA POLICEMAN is laying down the law to a cart-pushing coolie. If the argument goes on five minutes, several dozen Indians will be on hand to witness the outcome. Photo by Sedge LeBlang.

CBI History

● I think a history of the various units in China or the CBI as proposed in Roundup would be very interesting. Why not a history of the general activities in each main area of operations?

PETER MAKINSON,
Wilmington, Del.

Up-to-Date History

● Would it be possible for someone to write a synopsis of Barrackpore Base, Calcutta, and give us an up-to-date history of it after the GI's left?

ROBERT J. LONG,
Omaha, Nebr.

Roundup hopes someday to have a representative visit ALL of the old bases and installations in CBI, give a picture and word report.—Ed.

Enough Said

● Keep the magazine coming! The memories are swell now, but when I was there! . . . enough said! Hope to hear from fellows at Chanyi, China.

DON OLVESTED,
Monticello, N. Y.

52nd Service Gp.

● Roundup gets bigger and better every time. I don't believe any group enjoys their own magazines as well as we do the Roundup. . . . Sure would like to see the story of my outfit, the 52nd Air Service Group.

R. T. PEACOCK, Jr.,
Dublin, Ga.

Likes Binder

● The CBI Roundup binder attractively adds to my collection of books.

MILTON MURRAY,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Only a Few Left! THE LEDO ROAD

AND OTHER VERSES FROM
CHINA-BURMA-INDIA

By SMITH DAWLESS

Engineers, truck drivers, foot-sloggers, airmen who flew the Hump, chaplains, nurses . . . all who served in CBI . . . who remember the sweat and grit and blood of those campaigns or of building of the Ledo Road, will renew and preserve those memories through this delightful collection. Send for your copy today.

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To The Editor

CBI-er Downs B-17

● Never see anything about my outfit, the 2nd Air Commando Group, although I just heard over the radio that our old C.O., Col. A. R. Debolt, had the misfortune of shooting down one of our B-17's in maneuvers. Everyone liked the colonel very much and will be sorry to hear about it.

HARRY McCORMICK,
Denver, Colo.

Turning Back the Clock

● Have been receiving regularly. I love it. I wish we could have it monthly. It was given to me for Christmas. It is like turning back the clock. For me it is the memory of Lt. James McConville who died at Myitkyina in July of 1944 and of the letters he wrote home about the CBI.

JEAN O'DONNELL,
Cleveland, Ohio

Hob-Nobbed With Mao

● While at Ft. Lewis for the usual summer Reserve training with the 104th Div., I ran into my old friend, Lt. Col. Wilbur Peterkin, an old China hand, who used to hob-nob with Mao Tse Fung when Peterkin was with the American mission. I spent my time initially with shipment GJ-250, wondering what and why we were there, and finally in due course, after stopping at Calcutta, Ramgarh, Ledo, Kunming, Chungking, ended up sweating it out in the Metropole Hotel in Shanghai with Hq., China Theater. While in Kunming I operated with the Hump Tonnage Allocation and Control Board, normally referred to as "Humpalco," and in that assignment had many interesting experiences dishing out tonnage to all those who wanted their "extra" luggage brought in by air. Enjoyed reading Roundups furnished by Peterkin and will look forward to receiving future issues.

PHIL A. LIVESLEY
Portland, Ore.

Dangerously Ill

● My husband is in the hospital and has been very seriously ill, being on the danger list and requiring nine pints of that precious blood plasma. Am happy to report he is coming along fine now and I wanted to be sure he still receives his Roundup. It has brought him a great deal of pleasure since he discovered the magazine. He was a member of the 236th Signal Bn. and served about 31 months overseas.

Mrs. HORACE LaBREE,
Bangor, Me.

20th General Hospital

● Glad to see my old outfit, the 20th General Hospital, and Ledo mentioned in the September issue. Often look back to my days in Assam.

HORATIO J. FRENCH,
Easton, Conn.

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REVIETMENT AT LIUCHOW, used as a repair yard. Regular hangars were out of use when this photo was taken, Oct. 1944. U.S. Army photo.



Pfc. WALTER STOCKMAL, 54th Air Service Group, and Indian coolie loading tail guns of a B-17 assigned to the sea rescue squadron. Photo at Tezgaon by O. Giralico.

Cargo of every conceivable type
was carried by the Air Force in CBI

Those Wild Blue Characters

by **Boyd Sinclair**

(Copyright 1950)

IN SOME CBI quarters men of the Air Force were called "those fabulous wild blue characters." CBI fly boys inherited traditions of the famed American Volunteer Group in China. The first B-29 combat raids were flown from CBI. The Air Force wallahs hauled everything from mail to locomotives and fought battles over the world's highest terrain. They furnished both bucket and plush seats for their passengers. Like anybody else, they dodged the enemy's raids on the ground.

Air Force headquarters was at New Delhi in the early days. For a long period headquarters for air operations was housed at the Warren Hastings Jute Mill near Calcutta. The Bengal Air Depot at Titaghur, just across the Hooghly River from Hasting, became the last nest of the CBI eagle. Hastings Mill, like New Delhi, was condemned by many with smile and jest as a center of high pleasure and low accomplishment. It had its bad moments, however. An anonymous American Kipling sang of the troubles of Air Force wallahs in his poem, "The Hooghly Horrors."

Oh, it ain't th' bloody 'Ooghly,
It's th' stinkin' 'Astin's Mill
What gives a man th' 'orrors
Till 'e's more than merely ill.

Th' beastly river's bad enough,
With bodies floatin' by
Until a man don't 'ardly know
But maybe 'e will die.

An' when th' jute dust starts to blow,
Mosquitoes get **that** thick!
A man is licked before 'e starts
An' gets th' 'orrors quick.

No, it ain't th' bloody 'Ooghly,
It's th' stinkin' 'Astin's Mill
What makes a man so crazy mad
'E wants to rape an' kill.

All aroun' 'e 'ears th' cries
Of mortals in great pyne;
They've got th' 'Ooghly 'orrors,
An' it's all a bleedin' shyme.

No, it ani't th' bloody 'Ooghly,
It's th' stinkin' 'Astin's Mill
That makes us all see bloody ghosts—
We've more'n 'ad our fill.

There ain't no charge for cholera,
An' fever's strictly free,
There's comforts of a 'ome in 'ell,
An' 'eat, th' syne degree.

We're crowded like th' ol' Black 'Ole,
We're slowly goin' mad;
We'll ne'er forget ol' 'Astin's—
It's th' worst we ever 'ad.

No, it ain't th' bloody 'Ooghly,
It's th' stinkin' 'Astin Mill
What makes us long for 'Oorijan
An' wish we was there still.

Those Wild Blue Characters

AIR FORCES in CBI were the 10th, 14th, and 12th. The 20th Bomber Command was a part of the 20th Air Force. Operations of the 12th were little known. The 64th and 62nd Troop Carrier Groups of the 12th were borrowed from another theater during the Imphal-Kohima crisis when the Japs invaded India. There were 80 or 90 separate outfits in the 10th Air Force, some of the best known being the Seventh and Twelfth Bomb Groups, the 33rd, 80th, and 311th Fighter Groups. A famous medium bomb outfit was the 341st Bomb Group, known as the "Bridge Busters." The Air Commando Force, officially called the 5318th Air Unit, was a part of the 10th Air Force. The 14th Air Force had about half as many outfits as the 10th. There were nine groups in the 14th with about 33 component squadrons and nine other squadrons of one kind and another. The 14th did not have as many kinds of miscellaneous units as the 10th did. Some of the famed groups of the 14th were the 23rd, 51st, 81st, and 311th Fighter Groups, the 308th and 341st Bomb Groups. Well-known outfits of the Chinese-American Composite Wing were the Third and Fifth Fighter Groups and the First Bomb Group.

Raiding was a day and night proposition with these outfits. Let's go with Sergeant Edgar Laytha on a typical night raid of the Skull and Wings Squadron of the 10th. Laytha and six men waited on a dark Burma airfield for the moon to rise. The men discussed the briefing. Definite targets for the night were few. Military targets in Namkam and Lashio were their most concrete aims. They were to hit moving trucks and trains. When the moon rose, large and yellow, it faintly lit the white skull insignia on the dark B-25. The moon had to climb to the zenith before they could take off. When the orb reached mid-sky, Laytha and the crew rose into the night. The exhausts behind the engines blew eerie blue flames. The roar bored itself through the silence like a steel drill through hard rock. The jungle was black as a coal heap.

For an hour the trip was uneventful, then everyone was alerted to go upstairs over a mountain range. The pilot was Lieutenant W. E. Manche, who had once driven a truck in Chicago. The bombardier was Lieutenant Raymond C. Krober, an ex-college boy from Elwood Park, Illinois. The co-pilot was Lieutenant Ernest L. Evenson, who had been a farmer in South Dakota. The engineer-gunner was Sergeant J. C. Lightvoet, former student in a Chicago trade school. At the tail gunner's post was Sergeant A. Popovich, a brewer from Yonkers, New York. Last man of the crew was Sergeant Junior D. Miller, Nevada, Ohio, former shipping de-

partment worker of the General Electric Company.

IT WAS bitterly cold as the B-25 winged over the mountains. The moon cast a silver patina on the clouds below them. The plane seemed to touch the stars, but a minute later it dipped from heaven to earth. The navigator had spotted trucks moving through Namhkam. The lights of the Jap convoy were out and the trucks immobile. In the split second when the plane was lowest, two bombs were released. As the plane swooped up, the bombs hit a supply dump, setting it aflame and lighting up the town. During the next dive the team worked like a well-precisioned machine. As the glass nose hung almost vertically over the main street, the navigator opened up with his .50-caliber machine gun. At the same time, the pilot handled the two stationary side guns. As the fire-spitting ship flanked the target, Miller fired his waist gun, Lightvoet strafed from the turret, and Popovich from the tail. Result: two trucks burning.

The plane dived seven more times, knocking out nine trucks in all. That satisfied the crew, so they turned toward the Burma Road in that area. The plane couldn't get in at Lashio. Heavy clouds mantled the town and surrounding hill tops. Climax of the mission was still far away. The plane crossed over to the Burma Railway Corridor at 9,000 feet. On the way they saw Mogok, the world's ruby center, burning brightly. The B-25 daylight raiders had set it aflame that afternoon.

In the Katha-Mandalay Railway Corridor, the crew began to hunt for Jap supply trains. The bomber skimmed above the tracks like a huge dragonfly skipping the water. For twenty minutes the plane followed the tracks; then a train was spotted. The train halted as the B-25 swooped skyward, reconnoitered, then dived. Again Evenson, the co-pilot, released the bombs and made two hits. Dry bush caught fire, ate into the countryside, made it glow with a reddish light. The plane remained high for awhile, awaiting for better illumination from the fire. The crew counted twenty freight cars and the locomotive. The plane dived at the center of the train and set a car on fire for more light. This took ten dives. Soon three cars were burning. The black engine at the end was only faintly visible—and the engine was the chief objective. The plane made fourteen futile dives at the engine. By now it was hot as hell inside the plane. The plane made one more dive. Krober, the navigator, opened up from the nose. Manche, the pilot,

Those Wild Blue Characters

followed up with his stationary guns. The waist gunner took advantage of a flanking position, Lightvoet strafed from the turret, and as before, Popovich gave the last blast with his tail gun. The engine burned. The bomber hit the locomotive until its ammunition ran out, which required three more dives.

BESIDES the bombing of land objectives and Japanese shipping and naval craft, the China and India-Burma Air Forces during the war destroyed 1,913 enemy aircraft, 1,202 in the air and 711 on the ground. The biggest year was 1944, when 711 were accounted for. The biggest single month was January 1945, when 217 planes were destroyed, 56 in the air and 161 on the ground. Fighter planes accounted for 1,467 of the 1,913 sent to destruction. Heavy bombers got 299 and medium and light bombers only 56. The Air Force in CBI lost 1,076 planes.

Of the men who accounted for these Jap planes, Major Albert J. "Ajax" Baumler, Trenton, New Jersey, flight leader of a China Air Task Force pursuit squadron, became CBI's first ace. Baumler was the first Army officer assigned to Major General Claire L. Chennault's American Volunteer Group. The China Air Task Force grew out of AVG. Baumler had flown previously for the Loyalists in the Spanish Civil War.

When the final mission reports of the CBI Air Forces were checked in, the records showed that Major Thomas A. Reynolds, Stephens, Arkansas, was CBI's leading ace with 41½ victories. Most of the planes for which he gets credit are officially listed as ground victories, only three of them being recorded as air scores. Reynolds on two successive days led assaults on Jap installations near Hankow and literally plowed up nearly 40 Jap planes with direct machine gun fire. Those were red-letter days in the Fifth Fighter Group. The leading man at knocking-out Jap planes in the air was Colonel John C. "Pappy" Herbst, Pala, California, credited with 21 victories. The leading ace of the American Volunteer Group was Robert H. Neale, Seattle, Washington, with 15½ victories. Reynolds was way out ahead on ground scores, as well as being the overall leader.

The five leading aces of CBI—both aircraft destroyed in the air and on the ground considered—were: Major Thomas A. Reynolds, Stephens, Arkansas, 41½ enemy planes; Major Philip G. Chapman, Fort Smith, Arkansas, and Colonel John C. "Pappy" Herbst, Pala, California, 23 planes each; Captain James T. Moore, Plant City, Florida, and Lieutenant Colonel Edward O. McComas, Winfield, Kansas, 17 planes each.

IF AVG victories are considered, the leading ace line-up looks like this: Major Thomas A. Reynolds, 41½ victories; Colonel David L. "Tex" Hill, Victoria, Texas, 23¼; Colonel John C. "Pappy" Herbst and Major Philip G. Chapman, 23; Lieutenant Colonel Charles H. Older, Beverly Hills, California, 20¼.

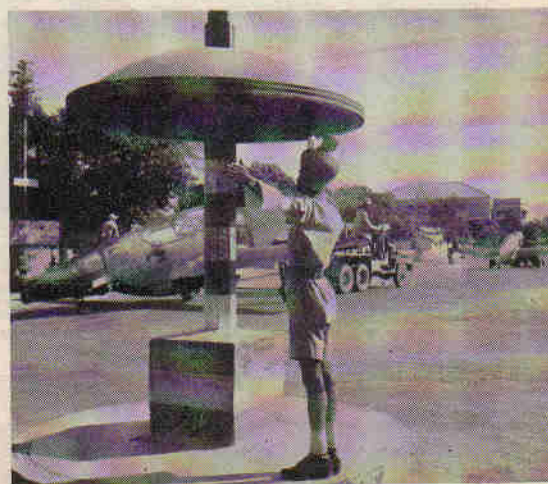
The following five CBI aces were leaders at destroying Japanese planes in the air: Colonel John C. "Pappy" Herbst, 21 planes; Lieutenant Colonel Edward O. McComas, 14; Captain John F. "Baldy" Hampshire, Grants Pass, Oregon, and Colonel Bruce K. Holloway, Knoxville, Tennessee, 13 each; and Colonel Robert L. "Scotty" Scott, Macon, Georgia, 11.

The following aces were leaders at destroying Japanese planes on the ground: Major Thomas A. Reynolds, 38½ victories; Captain James T. Moore, 17; Major Philip G. Chapman, 16; Lieutenant Robert E. Reed, Lima, Ohio, 14; Captain Raymond E. Brown, Atlanta, Georgia, and Lieutenant Wade H. Terry Jr., Hot Springs, New Mexico, 13 each.

Of the 111 CBI men from 41 states and the District of Columbia credited with destruction of five or more enemy airplanes, thus earning the right to be called aces, more were from Texas than any other state and more were from San Antonio than any other city of the United States. Of these 111 men, thirteen were Texans; nine were from Ohio; seven from Florida; five each from California and Pennsylvania; four each from New Jersey, Georgia, Virginia, and Illinois; three each from Tennessee, Kansas, Alabama, Missouri, Wyoming, Minnesota and Washington. The remainder were scattered one and two each among more than a score of other states.

Among these men were three enlisted gunners, Staff Sergeant Arthur J. Benko,

KARACHI POLICEMAN directs convoy of P-51's as they move through city on way to Karachi Air Base. U.S. Army photo.



NOVEMBER, 1952

Those Wild Blue Characters

George W. Goudthrite, Spokane, Washington; and Staff Sergeant Jonas C. Unruh, Montezuma, Kansas. These three and 17 other enlisted gunners were decorated for planes shot down, the other 17 bringing down one to four enemy planes each. Of the 14 states these enlisted gunners hailed from, again Texas was the leading state called home. Twenty-six of the American Volunteer Group were credited with getting five or more planes each. More than a third of these men were from California or Texas.

CBI did not control operations of the 20th Bomber Command; B-29 raids on Japan started with the coming of the Superforts to CBI, however. The first Superfort, piloted by Colonel Leonard Harmon, arrived at a 20th Bomber Command base in India in April 1944. The first mission was flown more than two months later when a shakedown raid was made against the Makasan railroad yards at Bangkok, Siam. On the night of June 15, the first B-29 raid was made on Japan.

Before the first raid, the B-29s had flown scores of sorties back and forth over the Hump. They carried gasoline and other supplies to their bases in China, flying over enemy-held territory. The Japs had their first glimpse of the bomber on April 26, 1944. The plane was carrying cargo across the Hump when six enemy fighters attacked. They were driven off with one plane damaged. Attacks or no attacks, the Superforts kept up their own cargo service, many stripped of all armament except tail guns. Finally, enough supplies were available for the first mission from Western China. The self-supplied B-29 system functioned until it was gradually taken over by Air Transport Command.

The Air Transport Command not only carried gasoline and bombs for the B-29s and other combat commands, but also performed many other services. The India-China Division of ATC moved entire Chinese armies with equipment and supplies into battle position in China (as did the 10th Air Force). ATC transported more than a million passengers a year over 28,000 miles of airways in Burma, India, and China. It also flew to the Philippines. ATC evacuated thousands of wounded and prisoners, just as other air commands did. In the year from September 1944 through August 1945, ATC carried 1,204,207 persons, moving 195,893 Chinese and U. S. troops and their 4,400 pack animals.

ATC did what it could for the comfort of passengers, which in the early days of the bucket-seaters was not much. By 1944, however, pants-beating was on the wane,

as bucket seats gave way to plush, reclining chairs on some transports. Flight clerk service was added to many planes flying routes from Karachi to Kunming. The flight clerks handled paper records and brought out magazines, playing cards, hot coffee, and chewing gum. As one Hump-happy veteran, enjoying his first plush ride, put it, "The only way they could beat this would be to make these clerks Wacs."

ATC even had red-cap service at Chabua, chief India Hump terminal. A sign in front of a bamboo *basha* near the billeting office boasted, "The only red-cap service in India." Under the sign sat porters who handled the luggage of air passengers. The red-caps, garbed in snappy outfits, were a familiar sight to the Army transient. Wanting to bring a little bit of New York to India, Lieutenant Colonel C. F. Cusack, ATC service officer, got together with Captain H. S. Lokey. The two instructed the post tailor to make shorts and short-sleeved shirts of bright blue material, trimmed with gold. The tailor topped off the uniform with a brilliant red pill-box cap. Three red-caps worked on each eight-hour shift, furnishing round-the-clock service to passengers. People usually did not forget the 6x6 truck which brought them to the billeting office either. It bore the name of **People Packin' Mama**.

CARGO of every conceivable type was carried by the Air Force. Railway locomotives were taken aloft in C-87 transports and landed on strips still in range of Jap artillery fire. Six American-made engines were dismantled and crated at a civilian railroad shop in Calcutta. The heavy parts were hauled to an airport in the Calcutta vicinity and loaded on C-87s. Everything was against the successful landing of such large aircraft on the forward strips with safety. Lieutenant Colonel Payne Jennings and Lieutenant Frank Gurney of the Seventh Bomb Group brought the first transport in without mishap.

When Jap troops were driving west from Liuchow, China, in December 1944, threatening Kunming, it was decided to transport the 14th and 22nd Divisions of the Chinese Sixth Army from North Burma to China. Aircraft assigned to the lift were Combat Cargo and Troop Carrier units of the 10th Air Force, two C-47 squadrons of the First and Second Air Commando Groups, and transports of the Air Transport Command. More than 25,000 troops, 1,500 pack animals, and scores of jeeps, howitzers, and mortars were carried to China by plane.

—THE END.



CHINESE MACHINE GUN crew acts as cover for troop movement in Burma. Photo near Namhkam by Syd Greenberg.

Two Hours Late

● So thoroughly enjoy reading Roundup that I was two hours late for the annual office picnic last Saturday, the day the September issue arrived. Referring to Boyd Sinclair's "That Old Happy Morale," page 5, is it not true that the old Roundup published a photo of a latrine, bomber style, captioned "Ann Sheridan Didn't Sit Here?"

PETE MORGUS,
McKees Rocks, Pa.

More Ehret Cartoons

● Please keep on giving us Ehret cartoons; they're wonderful. And I, too, like the new masthead.

DOUGLAS DICKERSON,
Phila., Pa.

1905th Engineers

● Bob Anderson of Hq. Co., 1905th Aviation Engineers, was killed in a logging accident at Forks, Wash., last year. This might interest former members of his outfit.

EUGENE RAYMOND,
Clallam Bay, Wash.

FREE!

CORRESPONDENT



CBI Roundup
MAGAZINE
DENVER 5, COLO.

As a Roundup Subscriber you are entitled to one FREE decal for your auto, home, office, etc. The decals are 2½ x 3¼-inches, in three colors. If you haven't yet sent for yours, send us a self-addressed, stamped envelope and a decal will be forwarded by return mail. If you want more than one, extras are only 5c each (no limit). Send for yours NOW while the supply lasts! No requests honored unless you send a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Roundup Rates

● Each succeeding issue is better than the last and your magazine rates equal reading time with me alongside such well-known mags as Time and so on.

R. J. LUEDEMANN,
St. Paul, Minn.

Back Issues!

The following back issues of Ex-CBI Roundup are still available:

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The Roundup

P. O. Box 1769
Denver 1, Colo.



DAVICO'S RESTAURANT at New Delhi. No GI or officer ever visited New Delhi without eating at least one meal here. Photo by Melvin L. Lane.

To The Editor

181st General Hospital

● How about a word about the 181st General Hospital? I worked in Ward D-1 28 months. Hope to hear from someone stationed there.

ARTHUR HOULE,
Pascoag, R.I.

Priceless Memories

● Just like the original Roundup, you get started reading and you can't stop. But then, it really brings back priceless memories that can't be replaced. No matter how much we griped and cussed while sweating it out in China, Burma and India.

WILLARD SECCOMBE,
No. Hollywood, Calif.

Judge Morriss Dead

● Clarence Morriss, ex-judge out here in Long Island, and ex-CID, Calcutta, died in July of a heart attack. . . . read Frances Dunne's article on Pakistan in the Sept. issue. She visited me the night before she flew to that country. And I had seen her before when she came up to Wanting to visit my Border Guard camp.

JOHN J. GUSSAK,
New York, N.Y.

Long Train Ride

● Went over on the S.S. Uruguay with the 236th Engineers, joining up with the S.S. Hermitage at Freemantle, Australia, thence to India where we landed at Bombay Dec. 26, 1943. Hope my other buddies enjoyed the train ride from Bombay to Ledo as much as I did.

JOHN L. CHRIST,
Hot Spgs., Ark.

ATC Bases Missed

● Spent my time in India at the 1328th AAFBU at Misamari. It was an ATC base and according to the list of ATC bases in the September issue we were not even listed. Believe we set enough records while stationed there to get at least a little recognition. Enjoy reading the magazine.

MICHAEL ANTONIAK,
Johnson City, N.Y.

Roundup now learns several ATC bases were omitted from the list.—Ed.

East Coast CBI-ers!!

Meet Your Buddies at the

BIG CBI PARTY

WASHINGTON HOTEL
Washington, D.C.

SATURDAY

DECEMBER 6, 1952

For Complete Information Write

Felix Russell

Colorado Building

Washington, D.C.



GI's AND OFFICERS line up to receive Easter issue at Chinese Combat Command Headquarters Post Exchange. Photo taken April 1945 by U.S. Army.

Salt on Wounds

● Regarding the various entertainment troupers (Sept. issue) we really do not want to pour salt on old wounds but quite a few of them truly "dogged it" both in the CBI and Persian Gulf Theatres. In some cases one cannot severely blame them for some bases were really too hot and humid. However, some like Frederick March and Lily Pons and Andre Kostalanetz — we remember them for their fine work among the boys.

L. G. MIRAGLIUOLO, M.D.
Bangor, Me.

"MEN— The Commanding General"

This story concerning General Joseph W. Stilwell was never published. It was written after the general's visit to the camp area of Merrill's Marauders in North Burma. His visit was the result of a rather serious morale situation among the Marauders which came from many things; promotions, too long in combat, and a series of broken promises by men who should have been able to back the promises made. I wrote General Stilwell asking permission to release this story about him. This was done as he was very reluctant to have publicity space used up on him. His attitude was that the men were fighting the war and deserved the credit, not the top commanders. The general's reply to my letter was that the story was one of the finest compliments he had ever been paid but he requested it not be released as he felt the corporal's sincerity would be questioned by the press. Besides, he felt very badly that such a condition could exist in the Theatre under his command even though he was unaware of the trouble until it really blew up. Here then is a story. Told simply and from the heart by one of the men who was there.—PAUL L. JONES, former Lt. Col., CBI Theatre Public Relations Officer.

By Cpl. FERDINAND STAUCH

Today the Commanding General spoke to his troops. For some of the men in the audience it was their first glimpse of the man with the campaign hat and ill-fitting field jacket, for although they had fought under his command in the Northern Burma Campaign they had not had the opportunity to see for themselves the man who had walked out and returned to fight the Jap once again with a combined force of Chinese and Americans.

Scattered among the audience along with the new men who had come to relieve them were men of the original Marauders. They seemed a little more anxious than the rest, for the speech that was to come meant the answering of many questions they had been asking themselves as they read the news clippings of the break in moral of their once fighting

unit. "Why," seemed to be the predominant question that ran through the ranks. "Why," had they been sent back to battle after evacuation from the field? "Why" hadn't they been relieved after the heart-breaking march to Myitkyina? These were only a few of the questions to be answered in the next few minutes.

The atmosphere was a little tense as Colonel Osborn of Philippine fame walked to the mike and announced in one short sentence: "Men; the Commanding General."

The unit snapped to attention as Uncle Joe approached the center of the rudely constructed stage. Without the broad-rimmed hat we could see the tinge of grey that ringed his straight black hair. He appeared larger than most of us suspected and there was a whispered remark in the audience that, "He doesn't look so damned old to me."

He didn't speak as we thought a full general would, for to men who were accustomed to standing at attention while majors and colonels spoke, he said, "Sit down and take it easy, men. I have only a little to say."

The wording of his speech is of little importance now, for words are but spoken things and end with their sounding. What is more important was the spirit of faith that passed from an officer to his men, and this he left with the men who a short time before had asked the "why" of so many things they hadn't understood.

I talked later with enlisted men who had, as they put it, "shaken hands with the Big Boss." Many had talked their troubles over with him and found a sympathetic ear that before they hadn't known existed. There was one remark in particular that I know would have made the "Man in the Big Hat" happy, could he have heard it. It wasn't flowery, but only an expression of faith as one young soldier said: "He talked to me just like my dad. I only wish he were our company commander."

A soldier's compliment for Joseph Stilwell, Commanding General. — THE END.

NOVEMBER, 1952

13

To the Editor . . .

—Continued—

1st ATC Squadron

● Your magazine is more welcome now than the Roundup when we were over there. I read it cover to cover, hoping to see an item or two about my outfit, the 1st ATC squadron. We were stationed at Kalaikunda and Kharagpur.

JAMES HAGGAN,
Chicago, Ill.

General Kan Pee

● Our old friend, General Peter T. Kan Pee (who attended the 1951 reunion at Kansas City) tells me that within a couple of months he will return to Formosa for duty with the General's staff. No doubt you have been recently seeing his name in the paper in connection with the General Mow incident. I took the liberty of asking him about it while I was at his office and he says that is because he was the senior officer after General Mow left and was therefore automatically in charge.

ELLSWORTH GREEN Jr.,
Kansas City, Kan.

Improves With Age

● Our magazine is quite a journal for old time memories. I've re-read my old issues many times. As with good bamboo juice, our magazine improves with age. However, I've one minor complaint. How about a reunion in the East?

WM. H. COOK
Ardley, Pa.

*Milwaukee in 1953.
Wash., D.C., in 1954.—Ed.*

Second Order

● This is my second order for Smith Dawless' "The Ledo Road." Someone more covetous than I has appropriated my first copy for his library. I want very much to get this little collection of CBI poems.

GEO. BACHMANN, M. D.,
Altadena, Calif.

"INDIA"

India, with its Taj Mahal and palm trees,
Birds with plumage, grand and rare,
Orange groves and wild bananas,
Do you think you'd like it there?
Like the snakes and crawling vermin
Tigers, monsoon floods and cholera, too
Small Pox and malaria epidemics,
And jackals who howl the whole night through.

Sweating coolies, black and greasy,
In their native customs queer
Just some cloth wrapped all around them
In their eyes a haunting fear.
Death lurks even in their footsteps
Poisonous snakes and countless diseases
Millions of insects and foul water
Vultures waiting in the trees.

Sure, it's fun to ride in rickshaws
And shop the bazaars for souvenirs,
But, we'd gladly swap our curios
For a couple of ice cold beers.
Native women gaunt and repulsive,
In their rags with disease and lice,
Makes you reach for treasured photos
Of your loved ones, clean and nice

India, with its endless famine,
Burning sun and widespread pain,
Reeking, crawling in its misery,
Steaming "Neath the Monsoon Rain."
Countless beggars whine for "Baksheesh,"
And you have to steel your heart:
For you can't tell those who need it,
And those who don't — apart.

At night guarded by mosquito netting,
We can lie and dream of home,
We have come; We've seen; We'll conquer;
Then, never more we'll roam.
Years will pass — and to the children
Stories weird we'll have to tell
Of the days we fought and labored
In this substitute for Hell.

— Unknown



ONLY A FEW FEET from working Chinese coolies, L-5 of the 19th Air Liaison Squadron takes off at Liuchow. U.S. Army photo.

1954 Reunion in East

● Noticed in the current issue 26 easterners mentioned in the magazine. This I believe is quite an increase in the CBI veterans who are finally hearing about us. Do believe the 1954 reunion should definitely be brought to the east for the benefit of the CBI Vets Assn.

JOE MECCA,
Gloversville, N.Y.

Crooked Gambling

● You may remember the series on crooked gambling I wrote in the overseas Roundup in the summer of 1945. I am now starting a TV series on the same subject matter. Would be interested in any stories Roundup's readers may have pertaining to gambling in the service. They would be of value for future articles, etc.

SIDNEY H. RADNER,
Holyoke, Mass.



U.S. ARMY REST CAMP at Darjeeling, located on a hill top. The Enlisted Men's barracks are on the summit in distance, overlooking India's highest mountains. U.S. Army photo.

Meets Many CBI-ers

● Am on active duty as Deputy Chief of Operations, East Ocean Division Corps of Engineers, with headquarters at Richmond, Va. All of our work is outside the continental U.S. so that I get lots of interesting travel and meet numerous CBI vets.

Col. SULTAN G. COHEN,
Richmond, Va.

Take CBI First!

● Just finished flying 55 night missions over North Korea in B-26's with the 452nd Bomb. Group, and after flying for a year and eight months for the First Air Commando Group in CBI, I must say I'll take the good old CBI over Frozen Chosen any day.

R. D. SNYDER,
Vance AFB, Okla.

Announcing . . . A New Book

EDUCATION IN INDIA

by Aubrey A. J. Zellner

Professor of Education
St. John's University

COLLEGEVILLE, MINNESOTA

\$3.50 . . . (Illustrated)

This is a valuable addition to the few complete books on Indian Education. Dr. Zellner was Chaplain with the Seventh Bomb Group in India during the war and has just returned from another tour in India as a U.S. Fulbright Scholar.

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42 BROADWAY

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It Happened In CBI

I became pretty well acquainted with a pipe wallah in New Delhi while over there. After I had made a few trips to his hole in the wall, trading for hookas, the water-cooled pipes, he asked me if I could get him a Parker 51 pen. I assured him that I was pretty sure I couldn't. But every time I would go by his place he would ask again. He even asked me to write home and get one, so I thought I would impress him on how hard it was to get a Parker 51. So I says to him, "I would give 200 rupees for one myself." Like a flash he went into the inner part of his dhoti and brought forth two brand new Parker 51 pens that had never been used. — LAWRENCE VILLERS, Pueblo, Colo.



I had slipped into a first class compartment on the Calcutta-Kanchrapara train just after dusk one evening—without a first class ticket, of course. The Scottish soldier who was already in the compartment and I chatted while waiting for the train to pull out, and when a young Englishman joined us, I drew him into the



conversation. During the next half-hour or so I was too interested in the Englishman's description of places in Britain I had never seen to notice the Scottish boy's silence. It was only after the Englishman left that the other said to me in alarmed tones, "He was an officer!" My failure to be impressed only astonished the Scottish boy the more. — DOUGLAS R. DICKSON, Phila., Pa.

General Stilwell on a trip to Ledo (the road was seven miles long when we took over from the British) dressed in Chinese cap and his old jacket, was riding a small ferry across a stream, manned by a colored GI. Not knowing the identity of



Uncle Joe, the GI remarked, "This must be a tough war when they send an old man like you up here!" As far as I know, the GI still does not know who his passenger was. — ELMER E. APT, Ft. Dodge, Iowa.



The Yank 2nd lieutenant, flying as co-pilot on his first night mission over Burma, was justifiably tense. Next to him, the pilot stared ahead in grim concentration as the bomber droned through the darkness toward its target. Suddenly the pilot began to squirm in his seat. Keeping one hand on the stick, he felt around the map compartment with the other. He examined the floor of the cockpit intently, then looked up and glared wide-eyed at the co-pilot. The young lieutenant stiffened with excitement. Hurriedly he checked all the instruments. Nothing seemed to be wrong, so he looked back at his pilot for instructions. The pilot, visibly shaken, motioned to him to listen on the intercommunication phone. "Pilot to co-pilot. Over!" came crackling into his ear. "Co-pilot to pilot. Over!" replied the lieutenant, trying to keep his voice from trembling. "Pilot to co-pilot!" the high-pitched voice continued, heavy with emotion. "Are you sitting on my chocolate bar?" — WM. P. STOWE, Norwalk, Conn.

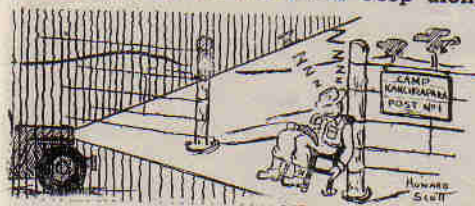
YOU MAY WIN \$5.00!

Contributions for "It Happened in CBI" are invited. Only true incidents which occurred in CBI are acceptable. Best brief contribution published in each issue is worth \$5.00 to the writer. Readers are encouraged to send in their entries. Shorter the better. Send your story to the editor now for inclusion in next issue. Winners will be notified before entry is published.

From the Dec. 1943 issue of "China Correspondent," a Catholic magazine: "The bus was filled and the smiles on the faces of the Chinese would have been a good ad for anything. All eyes were turned on the lone American, Sergeant 'Jake.' He had given the lady next to him a stick of gum. . . . the lady was non-plussed. 'Ch'ih fan,' said the helpful Sergeant, trying to explain what to do with the gum. That meant 'eat rice' to Lady China, and she still did not know what to do. Sergeant Jake had reached the end of his Chinese with those two words, so he went into a hilarious pantomime of gum-chewing until the bus rocked more with the laughter of the Chinese than from the bumps of the road." I was Sergeant Jake.—JOSEPH (Jake) NIVERT, Youngstown, Ohio.



It is said that the Gurkha soldier is a fearless fighter. This may very well be true, but an experience I had with one of them shows a more human characteristic. A friend of mine who was an MP (an apparent contradiction in terms) had charge of the Gurkha guards at Camp Kanchrapara, India. He felt that they weren't doing their job properly at night so he decided to spot check then in the early hours of the morning. I accompanied him as we drove our Jeep along



the back trails of the camp toward the first outpost. As quietly as our Jeep could we came upon the guard sitting in a chair, fast asleep and with his ever-present knife resting across his knees. Although our headlights shone directly in his eyes they failed to interrupt his slumber. But a mighty blast of the Jeep horn threw him into instant wild-eyed terror. So great was his panic that he fell over backwards from his chair, scrambled to his feet and fled off into the jungle, never to return to his post or his job again.—GEORGE A. WOODS, Demarest, N. J.

HEY, GUYS AND GALS! Send your entry for these pages today. Share your most unforgettable experience with other CBI-ers. It may win the \$5 award, too. Do it now!

Winning Entry

Now it can be told! Near Christmas 1943, General Chennault promised the men of the 14th Air Force that they would have fresh turkey on the table come Christmas Day. To this end, a crew with sidearms was dispatched in a 14th AF plane to Calcutta where they commandeered a GI truck and Jeep and made their way to the loading docks. There the crew forced at gunpoint the coolies to divert the loading of frozen turkey, freshly arrived from the States, onto the waiting



GI truck. Afterwards the turkeys were re-loaded onto the plane at Dum Dum and the group took off for Kunming. Arriving at Kunming, the crew found the airfield under attack by Jap bombers. The plane had no sooner landed, when the crew left the ship. During the attack the plane with the turkey aboard was hit and burned, and the remains were anything but edible. All evidence of the "acquisition" was promptly interred by members of the 14th AF. Quoting General Chennault: "Upon arrival of the CID investigating committee from Washington, no corpus delecti!" The committee investigated the incident because the shipment of turkeys had been destined for General Stilwell's headquarters at New Delhi!—L. D. WILER, Hollywood, Calif.



The U.S.S. General Butner left the States on April 23, 1944, bound for Bombay. Docking at Capetown, South Africa 18 days later, all aboard were given an all-day pass. Before debarking, our squadron commander gave forth with a lengthy lecture on drinking, warning us that harsh punishment would be dealt to anyone returning to the ship in a drunken condition. Only one man returned who was intoxicated. He was so drunk that he had to be carried aboard the ship. Who? The squadron commander.—ANONYMOUS.

To The Editor



SARI-CLAD torch singer entertains GI's at a New Delhi dance. T/3 Edward Glasgow is pianist. U.S. Army photo.

Fond Heart

● Stationed in CBI as a member of the 4th Postal Reg. Sect., later APU 627 at Kunming, and on Kunming Residual Team. Absence makes the heart grow fonder!

HAYDEN FAIRBANKS,
Phillips, Me.

20th General Hospital

● Does anyone know the whereabouts of Mary Fuller? She was a nurse at the 20th General Hospital at Ledo and the best looking blonde that ever hit Assam!

JOHN E. WHITESIDE,
Crossett, Ark.

China Spots

● Got a particular kick out of your September issue, photos of familiar China spots. I was also a participant in the ceremony in tribute to FDR (page 13). My outfit the 12th Air Service Group, covered all the bases in east China. Bravo for your fine job!

ROBERT KOSHLAND,
San Mateo, Calif.

14th Medical Depot

● As former C.O. of the 14th Medical Depot in Calcutta, I would like to hear from some of the boys of the old outfit.

Col. A. GALLAGHER
360 First Ave.,
New York, N.Y.

1304th Engineers

● Was with the 1304th Engineers. Would like to see a story about my outfit in Roundup one of these days. We built many bridges and laid many miles of pipeline. One of the bridges was the two-lane Bailey across the Mogaung river.

EUGENE J. GEIS,
Nixon, N.J.

888th Ordnance

● How about mentioning the 888th Ordnance H.M. outfit once. Without them the boys would have never survived.

MENRAD KRAUS,
Chicago, Ill.

Insurance

● Enclosed is three bucks for insurance — against not missing an issue of this fine magazine for the next two years. Was a 12th Air Service Group man myself, from the time it was formed at Kelly Field, Tex., in 1942.

M/Sgt. WILBUR HAM,
E. Meadow, N.Y.



THIS WAS THE Quartermaster Laundry for the 3rd Air Depot at Agra, India. A familiar set-up to Assam and India-stationed GI's, the dhobi wallah in photo is hanging GI clothing on lines to dry, after beating hell out of them in the washing process. U.S. Army photo.

To the Editor . . .

—Continued—

Luliang Building

● The picture of the control tower of Luliang, China, on page 2, September issue, carries a caption that states it was "among the best built for U.S. troops in China." This particular building didn't house troops, and there were many others that were far better than this, although I'll agree many others were far inferior.

RAY B. COOK,
Tampa, Fla.

India Story

● Certainly enjoyed Frances Dunne's article on how Pakistan has progressed since their Independence Day (Sept. issue). Now how's about one on India since partition?

WM. R. AXTELL,
Dayton, Ohio

Lost Respect

● It's hard to believe that the Indians no longer hold Americans in high respect, after all we did to better their way of life the few years we were there. We can understand, of course, that most are illiterate and therefore can be expected to believe only what they hear, but seeing is believing and a good many coolies are living the life of Riley today with money they received when they worked for Uncle Sam's forces in India. Some day when they learn to respect us once again, I should like to make another trip back there, as a civilian.

BOB HARTMAN,
Springfield, Ill.

The Cover

The Cover cartoon is one of eight clever sketches produced by former CBI Round-up artist, Wendell Ehret, expressly for Donnan & Massey (see back cover).

New CBIVA Officers

The following officers were elected or appointed at the 1952 CBIVA Reunion at Omaha, Nebr.:

Bob Bolender, Commander,
Normal, Ill.

William R. Ziegler, Vice-Commander,
Houma, La.

George C. Prager, Adjutant,
Elmhurst, Ill.

Edward T. Wright, Judge Advocate,
Brentwood, Mo.

Marvin Seidler, Provost Marshal,
St. Louis, Mo.

Shelby Welch, Service Officer
Carlyle, Ill.

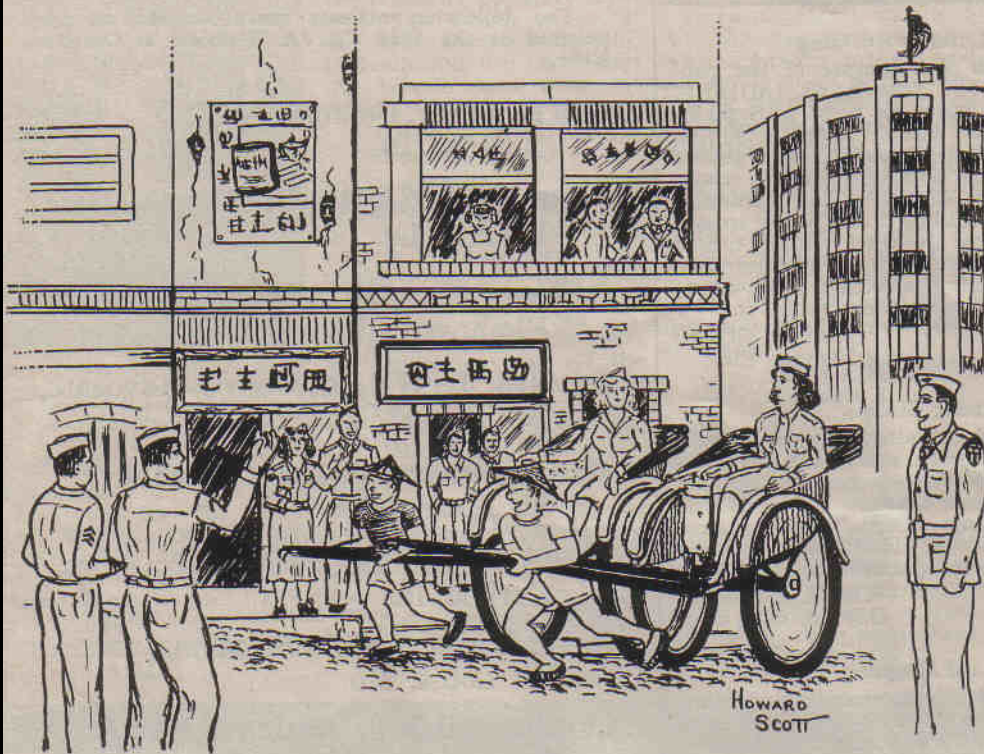
David Hyatt, Public Relations,
St. Louis, Mo.

Charles Mitchell, National Historian,
Kalamazoo, Mich.



COLORFUL SNAKE CHARMER of Srinagar, Kashmir. Photo by L. D. Wiler.

Shanghai Ricksha Derby



by George B. Russell

THE IDEA of a Ricksha derby originated in the Stars and Stripes office on a rather warm October day in 1945. Shanghai was well into her Chiu Lao Hu (Autumn old tiger) season and many sweating GIs were of the opinion that it was hot as all hell. Too hot to do much except count up one's accumulation of points and wonder just how indispensable you were to the operation.

We were all well acquainted with ricksha travel and the general opinion was that Shanghai pullers were not in the same league with the Chungking variety. Up there, the ricksha-pullers were country-bred boys able to zig-zag their way up the steepest hills. On the downgrade, a Chungking ricksha ride was about the nearest thing to Coney Island's Devil's Loop one could imagine. With a signal whoop that sounded something like the

Irish cry of Pflagha-bahla (or, clear the way) your Chungking boy would head pell-mell down a sixty-five degree slope; and woe betide the coolie, pig, or crate of ducks that blocked his path. It was a breath-taking experience and one best not undertaken sober.

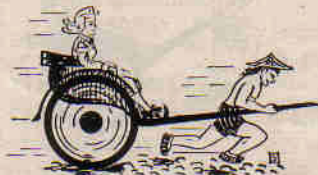
Critical though we were of Shanghai's ricksha talent, the idea of a derby for the boys on December 1st as a sort of tie-in with the upcoming Army-Navy football game, caught on . . . especially when it was explained that each puller would be handicapped with a passenger aboard his rig, a pretty gal.

The story broke on October 16th and by the 18th, Stratemeyer himself was out cruising the French quarter looking for a puller with Man o' War blood. Before a week was out twenty or more outfits had their men spotted and placed on a small retainer fee.

GIs took the thing in stride . . . but explaining the 7-billion-dollar-added CRB ricksha-derby to coolies, with muscular legs, was kinda tough.

Shanghai Ricksha Derby

At the better bean-curd stands there was much wallah-wallah concerning this novel American idea. Chopsticks would be held poised motionless over bowls of steaming *dough-foo-gahn* as old-timers shook their heads in astonishment. Certainly, nothing like this had ever been suggested in Shanghai before.



BRIEFLY, here was the setup. The race, over a two and a half mile course, was to start at the Navy jetty at 1300 hours, December 1st, rain or shine. The MP detachment was to see about clearing the route. The racers would zoom up Nanking Road into Bubbling Well . . . then onto Seymore road turning left on Avenue Roi Albert to the Canidrome.

And here was the lineup:

Unit and Passenger
19th Weather Squadron
.....Lydia Galiakberoff
Navy Shore Facilities
.....Nina Kurgansky
14th Air Force
.....Trixie Singer
Naval Advance Base
.....Gallia Feia Fedoricheck
Kiangwan Air Base
.....Millie Pavlosky
Ch. of Staff, Base Command
.....Lucy Huang
Signal Corps
.....Grace Lee
14th Air Depot
.....Tita Sokoloff
CASC Hdqs
.....Mary Ribalova
Army Liaison
.....Ann Goodpasture
Shanghai Sta. Command
.....Mrs. Mary Hoffman
Base Engineers
.....Eva Altmine
AAF Hdqs
.....Cpl Betty Shantz WAC
C.O. Port Command
.....Alice Chung
10th Air Force
.....Margaret Baptiste
Post Quartermaster
.....June Nergaard
China Theater Hdqs
.....Frances Tong
Stars and Stripes
.....Edlyne Dongworth

Most outfits spent days looking for a blond bomb-heaver with plenty of shape. But the smart boys did some clocking and selected the tiniest lookers available. AAF Hdqs let it be known right off that they would stick to a USA entry, come what may. The 172nd General Hospital had Lt. Marcia Ann Goldsmith all set for the ride . . . and later declared that she would be an entry only if the track was muddy. Not a serious contender everyone agreed.

December 1st was a glorious Indian Summer affair, common to the Han Lu (cool dew) season. The Derby got off to a fine flying start . . . in fact six or eight shots were fired and onlookers scattered briefly.

The field was off. At the intersection of Nanking and Szechwan it was any-



body's race. But the dopes who decided to pace themselves didn't count on Shanghai's citizens.

By the time the leader had reached the Wing On department store there was no earthly chance of heading him as he raced briskly through a narrow lane in a solid sea of humanity. It was that way right on through to the Canidrome and Gung with-a-Wind was the winner by two lengths, having negotiated the two and a half mile course in 18:02 3/5's.

THE POST QM fellows were jubilant. June Nergaard, aboard Gung's rig, was radiant as the flower garlands were thrown about her neck. She beamed as



they smothered her with kisses. Wing Fu Tze, the 14th AF entry, (Trixie Singer aboard) was 2nd. Rex Tugwell, of the Base Engineers, (hauling Eva Altmine) was third.

Shanghai Ricksha Derby

Many theories were advanced as to why Gung with-a-Wind came in first. Some said that the Quartermaster people set the best training-table and that they had fortified Gung with fourteen piculs of rice, a quart of Hunter's and a fifteen pound tin of GI turkey.

Others claimed that the QM entry trained in triple-soled GI shoes . . . then, on race day, unshod, he fairly flew.

The 14th AF boys were blamed for buzzing other entries while they were training near Kiangwan. Their boy practiced his footwork at Lungwa. They, in turn, asserted that Trixie Singer offered their puller little encouragement knowing hardly any Chinese, else they would have finished first and not second.

The Base Engineers entry, Tugwell, had excellent training everyone admitted. They gave their man a map of the course and rode it on successive Saturdays with him. Some asserted that the Engineers also revved-up Tugwell's wagon with an over-drive gear-gimmick.

Well, it was like I said. Citation could not have caught Gung in that crowd.

The whole affair was a natural for the GI's. But Shanghai was pleasantly dumb-founded. Practically the whole city turned

out for the event and a carnival spirit prevailed. Chinese old and young had only to see a uniform the rest of that December and they would break into broad grins . . . "those crazy Americans, what would they think of next?"



Not since September 19th, the day the Rocky Mount arrived in the Whangpoo, had U. S. prestige been so high. Good will was spilling all over the place. "Americans were ding qua qua . . . okay."

How we lost that good will is another story that can not be told here. But Shanghai will never forget the Ricksha Derby.

P.S. Navy beat Army 12 to 0.

—THE END.



PANORAMIC VIEW of the embarkation operation at Bombay. Filing from the left are the men coming from Camp Kalyan to the dock area. At the bend in the line will be noticed the embarkation officer checking from his copy of the passenger list to make sure the men are in correct order. With him is his enlisted man assistant who is furnishing each man with his meal ticket. U.S. Army photo.

Eighth Wonder!

● James Smith writes in the September issue that the Taj Mahal is one of the seven wonders of the world. Despite its beauty and other features, the Taj is not listed as one of the seven wonders. I know Smith will be as disappointed as I was when, many years ago in New Delhi, I learned this fact.

GEORGE MILHAM,
New York, N. Y.

CBI Correspondent

● I shall probably leave for Japan and Korea in two weeks and may return via India. If I do, I shall be glad to communicate anything of interest I may see in CBI.

A. K. TIGRETT,
Wash., D.C.

Traveling Medic

● During my stay in India I was with the following outfits: First, I came over with the 131st Station Hospital in Chakulia (was Pharmacist of the outfit). Stayed with them a year, then transferred to the 142nd General Hospital at Calcutta, then later to Camp Kanchrapara to the 71st Field Hospital. We disbanded the outfit there.

JEROME KATZ,
Chicago, Ill.

Wife Hides Mag

● I'm away from home six days a week so my wife never lets me know when Roundup comes until the morning I leave again, so I'll be free to talk to her.

ALBERT RUDERT,
Cobden, Ill.

Inspiration

● Enjoy my Roundup very much. It inspires me so much when at times I feel a little slump. It takes me off the present and puts me into various moments of the past.

JUNIOR FOLLOWELL,
Weldon, Ill.

Fraternity Pin

● Have run across a number of CBI men all over the world and that patch is just like a fraternity pin. How about a story of the work of the 993rd Signal Company in China?

SFC LUD BAUMGARTEN,
Taegu, Korea

500 CBI Slides

● While in India I took some 500 pictures, I have noticed several of my prints in Roundup with other vets' names on them. I sold hundreds of photos overseas.

LAWRENCE VILLERS,
Pueblo, Colo.



Col. JOHN B. ALBIN holds idol left in ruins of Mangahih, China. Boy eyes idol curiously. U.S. Army photo.

82nd QM Bn.

● Still enjoying the magazine and trying to spread the word of it. Would like to hear from any of the old gang who remember the blond "doc" in the 82nd QM Bn. Keep up the good work and many more pictures of Assam, please.

EDWARD HOPE,
Greenfield, Ohio

Rendezvous

● In reading "Rendezvous With Destiny" (Sept. issue) I was very interested because it was our outfit, the 25th Field Hospital, who was mentioned. As soon as that plane crashed, all of our available mobile service along with all ambulances were rushed to the field. It's worth mentioning in these stories I'm sure when the name of the outfit is known. Also a fine story on page 44 from one of our nurses, reporting on Pakistan. We hope one day to get our history together so it may be published. We were so grateful to be a small part of the CBI theatre. Our nurses were the first white women in Burma during the war. I was supply sergeant.

WALTER P. WYLD,
No. Bergen, N.J.

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CBI

Christmas

by Lee Bakker

CHRISTMAS 1944 found the CBler half-way through his overseas tour. At that time he did not know for sure how much longer the Japanese war would last, while there was talk about the early end of the battle of Europe. There were thoughts that the Japanese would fight for years yet, and thus his prospects of leaving the CBI seemed dim indeed. For many it was the third Christmas in the Orient.

Lt. General Dan I. Sultan, then Commander of the India-Burma Theater, said that he hoped this would be the last Christmas there. He, in his Christmas message, reminded the troops how they had a part in whittling enemy strength to almost nothing, disrupting their communications and supply besides supplying the Chinese and British as well as American ground troops in all weather. He complimented the men on the world records they had accomplished during their time there.

General Wedemeyer in the China Theater told his men that Christmas "finds us all half-a-world-away from home, engaged in one of the greatest struggles in the history of mankind, such a terrible struggle that few of us can be home this Christmas." He stated further that this 1944 Christmas carries a spiritual message. "And those whom we love, those who wait for Christmas as we begin to celebrate Christmas Day, know that we in far-off China pray in one voice with them that peace through victory will be attained in 1945."

The fight was over in 1945, but the hopes of peace are still in the future.

The 14th Air Force had four staff sergeants in China who didn't let Christmas in a far-off land spoil Yuletide celebrations. They gathered salvage material for an electrical display, decorating a pine branch, around which they piled up packages from Uncle Sugar and gifts exchanged among themselves. The sergeants were Lyman C. Blum, Curtis L. Jarrett, Virgil H. Peoples, Leo S. Duffy.

APO's in China handled nearly 25,000 sacks of holiday and routine mail during the Christmas season in 1944. Some late packages, arrived, but most reached the CBlers on or before December 25th.

PILOTS of the 14th Air Force gave the Japs a few extra special gifts, dropping over 40 Nip planes in attacks on Christmas Eve. Not to be outdone, the Japs exchanged the gifts by giving a four-hour strafing on SOS China Headquarters and vicinity, chasing GI celebrators into slit trenches. But they didn't stop all the revelling. The year's first beer to reach the China Theater, rationed without exception, arrived. There were packages from home. Some decorated Christmas trees. Lt. Col. Joseph P. McNamara, Assistant Theater Chaplain, and a group of local missionaries conducted church services by taking special holiday messages to the front-line troops and distant posts. CBlers there used their PX ration cards to give to the blind and orphaned Chinese children. To give aid to a local mission school for Chinese girls, a group of Master Masons chipped in.

The North Burma Christmas was mostly duty with patrols on the alert. The war was far from over. The only celebrating done was in the occasional free times usually Christmas trees and frills missing. Some decorated the local trees, giving them a small spirit of Christmas under the conditions. However, in CBI spirit, 13 cargo planes brought in packages from home. These men were not forgotten, remote as they were from the rest of the world. Special rations of turkey dinner and all the trimmings flew in. There were also mess-kits of roast goose for those on combat missions.



CHRISTMAS PACKAGES for troops on the North Burma front are sorted at APO 629. Shown (l. to r.) are Cpl. Rodney Robinson, Cpl. Max Spindel, and Pvt. Joe T. Fox. U.S. Army photo.

Christmas Monday brought similar activities along the Ledo Road. A typical holiday there was that of Pvt. Roy Russell. This 25th of December found him pushing a truck convoy with his buddies across the Patkais, transporting supplies for the front. They took their 30-minute break for cold C-Rations at noon. But ahead of him was a warm turkey dinner. So Pvt. Russell had Christmas after all. At Base Headquarters in Assam things were different. This seemed more like Christmas. Work on the Road progressed while truckloads of GI's sang carols. The evening found tables loaded with canned turkey and dressing, peas, asparagus, potatoes, and pies. They too opened their packages from home. The hospitalized CBIers decorated their wards for their Red Cross parties.

The 20th Bomber Command Base in India was rudely interrupted as a Jap bomber dropped its gifts. But no damage was done, and the celebrations resumed with dinner and special church services.

INDIANS, not mulling Christmas, cut some of the Red Cross Christmas trees in half and planted them in the yard. Seeing the bearers' mistake in time, the GI's retrieved the trees and nailed them together. The trees were then adorning the rooms of the Assam Red Cross Club.

Calcutta had a midnight mass. American and British soldiers and WAC's sang carols in choirs. There were mad-cap parties and dances in the Red Cross Clubs. The GI's and WAC's delivered toys, candy, and ice cream to the local Indian orphanage. There was also a concert in the Calcutta area by the American conductor, Andre Kostelanetz, who was then on tour of the CBI Theater.

Christmas was celebrated in full style by the New Delhi Per Diem Hillers. But one Pfc. Robert Buich was somewhat disappointed as he opened his Christmas package. In it he found the nightmare of GI's throughout the world. His statement on looking at the package's contents tells the tale: "Sweating out 33 months in India isn't bad enough. I've gotta get SPAM for Christmas!"

For the Christmas day a New Delhi cinema showed a group of 10 Disney cartoons. The evening brought a special GI movie program featuring the color picture starring Monty Wooley, "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling." Some celebrated the day with "bamboo juice," an oriental concoction said to help make the Christmas season more lively. December 26th morning brought groans of "Oh, my poor head!" There was also a crisp breeze in the air, a gentle reminder that winter had arrived for the holiday season.

Handling Christmas parcels for GI

troops in the Northern Burma area were Cpl. Rodney W. Robinson, Cpl. Max Spindel and Pvt. Joe T. Fox.

Recipients of a Christmas gift from Gen. Wedemeyer were S/Sgt. John DuBois of Beverly, Mass. and five of his buddies. DuBois was on loan to the Chinese army as an instructor in the use of field artillery pieces. Their gift was to pack up and report to Chungking where they could spend the holidays. Said DuBois, "There isn't much here, that's for sure, but it's a hundred times better than what we have up there at the front so it didn't take long for us to get our stuff together." Their trip on the Yangtze involved a boat loaded with curious pigs who roamed about the men's quarters throughout the trip.

IT WOULD be fitting to end this review of Christmas 1944 in the CBI with a poem by S/Sgt. Charles J. Noe that had been printed in the old CBI Roundup, entitled "Christmas Eve—1944."

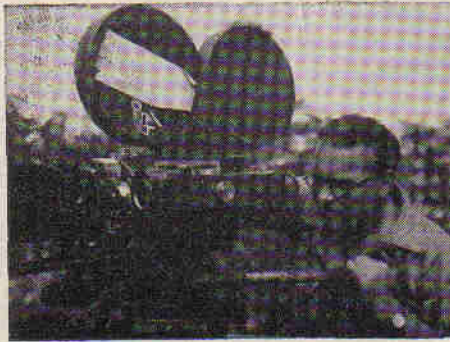
Myriads of Stars,
Glisten through the still jungle tree,
The gleam of tiny, distant worlds . . .
Winter's night wind,
Sighing an organ sweetly played . . .
Moonlight, sweeping through the trees,
Painting a tinsel of reflection silver.
A man thoughtfully gazes at this,
His Christmas tree for 1944.
He dreams of loved ones far away.
And bows his head as he slowly kneels—
His tired smile is enlightened . . .
Well he knows the whispered song,
The anthem heard this night,
In every corner of the world:
"Be of good faith, all will yet be well."

THE END



Lts. LILLIAN KELLY, Ruth A. Frost and Ruth E. Allair start on a Sampan trip to visit the "Temple in the Western Hills" near Kunming. U.S. Army photo, Christmas 1944.

ADVENTURE IN BURMA



AUTHOR ALEC TAYLOR operating a Mitchell 35mm motion picture camera. Photo taken during filming at Saizang village.

Two British Cameramen Narrowly Escape Capture By Japanese Patrol Band

By Alec Taylor

By the Fall of 1944 the campaign against the Japanese in Burma was being fought in the rugged monsoon-swept fastnesses of the Lushai, Naga; and Chin Hills, the natural barriers (9000 feet in height) between India and Burma. Through the Chin Hills winds the only way to reach Burma by land; a precariously-maintained track, graced by the name of "The Tiddim Road," and in the monsoon season, a sea of gooey mud and perpetual landslides. Unpredictable in its meanderings the Tiddim Road never more than eight feet wide, wound for the main part along ledges in the hillsides with anything from six to eight thousand feet drops awaiting the careless driver on one side. Uphill; downhill through gullies; across rivers; from Imphal in India to Kalembo in Burma—300 miles; and each half-mile contested by strategically-placed soldiers of the Son of Heaven; whose aim was to hold up the Division for weeks—which they very often did.

This was the state of affairs I found at Milestone 142—just ten miles short of the little hill—town of Tiddim—when I joined up with the 123rd Brigade, 5th Indian Division, British Army. This was in September 1944.

Up to a week before this I had been working on the motion pictures we of the British Army Film Unit were making for home consumption — movies of "India's Rest Camps"; "Burma's Refugees in India"; and the beginnings of what, finally, became "Burma Victory." And in

connection with the latter it was decided we might as well do a stretch with the boys on the front in Burma to get some real-live action stuff—with bullets flying, mortar shells bursting and what have you. This we did, a lot of which was used in "Burma Victory."

But it wasn't the ordinary everyday task of shooting battle pictures that we regarded in an adventurous light—that was routine, and just a matter of keeping your head down at the right time. No, it was when Kandy (our Film Unit Headquarters in Kandy, Ceylon) sent us, along with our Mitchell studio camera; sound-recording gear; batteries; chargers; and all the impedimenta of making motion pictures in the field, a directive asking for "scenes and sounds of Chin Hill village life, with native costumes, songs, music, etc." When this arrived we were beyond Tiddim and heading for the wild, wild country leading to nine thousand foot Kennedy Peak and Fort White, the last outpost before the descent to the plains of Burma at Kalembo.

Right here the Japs were putting up a fuss, but we regarded it as unlikely that they would do anything but hold up operations for a week or two. Hence, with jeep and trailer loaded to the Plimsoll, Jim (my dour Scot associate) and I took off on a side track which lead to Saizang, the only Chin Hill village in fifty miles. And Saizang was about ten miles off the Tiddim—Fort White track, on a mountainside commanding a breathtaking view of the valley of the Manipur River and approached through scenery of the most beautiful yet desolate it is possible to imagine. Jim said that it "reminds me of Skye."

We traversed the all-too-familiar pattern of track partly ledge and partly buttressed landslide, and edged our way along at a snail's pace with the Manipur River gleaming dully four thousand feet below. It was late afternoon, not ten minutes after we had installed chains to negotiate a particularly soggy section (and this in tropical Burma!) that the village appeared in view. And even though Saizang was (and, undoubtedly, still is)

just a collection of little bambo houses set on stilts with chickens, pigs, and all manner of farm yard livestock running all around, I was never happier to see human habitation. Nor to sit on the verandah of the headman's house, sipping tea and taking in the view that, in keeping the Jeep on the track, I had missed during the trip.

In less than a week, with our meagre knowledge of Burmese (and lesser knowledge of the Chin Hill dialect) we managed to convey to the Headman our plans for putting Saizang on film and left it to him to arrange things accordingly. This week we also spent in getting acquainted with the villagers; eating with them; playing their peculiar version of gin rummy; and training the two young lads, Lai Chunga and Den Khuma, whom the Headman had given us as assistants, in the correct way to hold a microphone on a bamboo pole to keep it within range and yet out of the picture.

Lal Dawla, the Headman, who previously had never even seen a motion picture, let alone the equipment used in making 'em, had the facility of directing the villagers in the making of shots so that they appeared completely natural, even in the closest of close-ups, and with a quip and smile would put the most terrified of our "actors" at ease. Demure little ladies would weave and re-weave on their primitive looms (which had, by the way, a couple of half-coconut shells hung on strings for use as pedals to operate the frames) and would twirl their little potters' wheels for hours on end, even though they viewed the lenses of the whirring camera with nothing short of alarm.

After five weeks of enjoyable filming, which passed by like a couple of days, all but the last sequence (a Chin Hill Tribal Ceremony in sound) had been photographed. The "22" radio set with which we maintained contact with the Brigade informed us that they were still sitting where we had left them.

Everything was "in the bag" a week later, however, and we began to pack our gear and get everything in shape for the trip back to the Brigade. Packing the movie equipment; greasing the jeep; repairing the flat on the trailer wheel. And going the rounds of the village to say farewell to these kind people whom we had come to regard as friends—and who were soon to prove it!

That night, making our daily 6 p.m. call, the agitated voice of the Brigade Major crackled. Immediately Jim threw the switch. "Calling TH. Calling TH. Nips reported eight miles West of Saizang.

Get back here as quickly as you can. Possible they'll visit village. Over."

Jim pressed the mike button and whispered (I didn't realize how silly he sounded until a week later) "TH calling 123. TH calling 123. Got your message. Plan return tomorrow. Over."

But we didn't. For that night Lal Dawla crept into our tent and told us that a party of Japs (he used the Hindustani word "dusshman," meaning "enemy") were camped about six miles away—down toward the Manipur River—and it was certain they'd visit the village the next day. "They always do," he said "they come for eggs and chickens. And just take 'em."

We knew it was impossible for us to traverse the track back to the Tiddim Road at night, particularly one so black—not even a star shone through the clouds. So Jim suggested that we make a dash for it at the crack of dawn, a proposal that Lal said was unworkable since the Japs were camped only a mile from the road, and would hear us approaching miles away.

And then it was that Lal Dawla proved himself to be a man of keen foresight for, unknown to us, he had dug a large pit, big enough to accomodate the jeep, trailer, tent, and everything, and into this he had us drive and nudge the jeep and trailer, pile in the equipment, covered it with bamboo slats, and filled what remained in with earth. The remaining earth he had his villagers scatter far and wide. And to complete the job he moved a house over the hidden pit.

The next problem was what to do with us. "That," said Lal Dawla, is the easiest of all." For we became his sick sons. In his little bamboo house he fitted us in native Chin Hill outfits—clean, yet old—stained our skins to approximate his own, gave us each a place to sleep (with two of his cotton blankets) and exhorted us "just to lie still and do nothing."

As Jim pointed out, he could have been going to turn us over to the Japanese (and he could have, too, reaping a reward of phony Burmese Rupees, as printed by the Japanese armies wherever they went) but I felt that a guy who had the hand-clasp of Lal Dawla, and a smile like his, wouldn't sell his soul for a few rupees of Japanese "blood money." Anyway, I slept the remainder of the night, so I must have trusted him. But I wished he had let me keep my own T-shirt. His tickled!

Much whispering was heard outside the next morning. Obviously, Lal was passing on his instructions to the villagers regarding us, and sending out one or two "workers" to warn of any Japs in the area. And there were plenty, by Golly!

Adventure in Burma

Not long after daybreak agitated Whispering to La Dawla told us that our hopes they would by-pass the village were unfounded. As a matter of fact they were here. Jim, over by the wall, saw 'em through a crack, about forty in all, headed by a "cocky-looking" (Jim said) Captain, sword and all.

At this point, while I was ruminating "Fancy lugging a sword along the damn fool," Lal slipped in saying, "They are here. Keep your eyes closed at all costs as both of yours are blue, and they'll know. I'll try to keep 'em outside and get 'em to leave. If they come inside, just lie still—you're supposed to be sick."

Footsteps thumped outside and a piping voice asked in appalling Burmese for the "T'Jee" (Headman). Then began a series of demands—"Ten chickens; all the eggs you have; two small and tender pigs;" and a lot of other things I couldn't hear. All I could hear was Lal's Burmese equivalent of "O.K.," which is "Hokay," Burmese for "Yes."

We were, of course, breathing very quietly. But we stopped for a while when one of 'em jumped on to the verandah and squatted not three inches from Jim—on the other side of the thin wall.

Then we heard the word "sitta" mentioned. This was an ominous turn to the conversation since "sitta" is Burmese for "soldier" but it didn't seem to go any farther, or they were satisfied with Lal's long-winded explanation that Saizang was so far out of the way that no one ever came—"excepting, of course, yourselves."

Mumbling of voices continued for a while. Then, to the accomplishment of the cackling of tethered chickens, and the squealing of captive pigs, movements were made as if to depart. There were sounds of the 'loot' being distributed among the soldiers for transportation and, we fervently hoped, that would be the last of 'em. But no! They we're always an inquisitive (as well as acquisitive) bunch, and one of their number had decided to have a look inside—and it had to be Lal's house he chose. I heard his heavy step in the doorway and my grip tightened on the butt of my Smith & Wesson. I felt his eyes boring into my back (Jim said he did, too) and heard his "Who are these?" directed at the Headman.

"Sick brothers," said Lal, with an air of bored nonchalance I'd challenge Laughton to imitate.

"Hmm," then a step in our direction. Two steps.

I thought, "Well boy, another couple of steps'll see you with your Shinto Gods—and me, too, most likely."

A pause of maybe a second or two, which seemed like a year.

Then, shattering the silence like a million banshees, Lal's alarm clock—the only touch of Western civilization in the village—it's strident clanging fit to waken the dead, went off. Lal had set it the previous evening—or had merely wound it, since he got up with the lark, anyway—and it had by accident been set to ring out at 8:00 a.m.

I almost involuntarily turned around to reach out and shut it off; caught myself and merely gave a grunt and shifted position and began breathing loudly.

But it wouldn't have mattered if I had gotten up, stretched, and taken a turn around the room, for the soldier (it was one of the junior officers I later learned) had walked over to the clock, picked it up, stuffed it inside his tunic, still ringing and vaulted over the verandah rail to rejoin his companions.

The next thing we heard was a series of yipping commands (and still an odd muffle tinkle from the alarm clock, now run down) and the rattle of guns being shouldered as they left the village. We waited about an hour before we began breathing.

From Calcutta, a month later, we sent Lal Dawla six alarm clocks, each inscribed "To a friend in need" and arranged for them, along with food supplies, to be air-dropped to this almost inaccessible little village. Reports from our pilot, who circled the village six times after dropping his load, indicated that Lal Dawla had received the clocks.

And we know he understood.—END



LOOKING UP main road into Myitkyina as Americans and Chinese make their way to the front lines. U.S. Army photo.

To the Editor . . .

—Continued—

86th Airdrome Squadron

● Always happy to renew old acquaintances from the CBI. Any news from the 86th Airdrome Squadron which excelled in baseball and softball would be appreciated.

AL IHDE,
Nutley, N.J.

559th Signal AW Bn.

● Someone made a "moonlight requisition" on my Sept. 1951 issue and I want one of my own. Would sure appreciate a word or two from some of the 559th Signal AW Bn. boys who served with me at Myitkyina and Bhamo.

RAIMON B. CARY,
Box 241
Shrewsbury, N.J.

Montana Reunion

● Really enjoy reading Roundup. My staff think I'm a bit daft when I seize upon it once it arrives. Spent 22 months in India with the Red Cross at Colombo, Khanspur and Malir. We have about 25 or 30 CBI-ers here in Helena who get together about once a year for a gab session.

MARY M. CONDON,
Helena, Mont.

Chabua AACS

● Was with AACS at Chabua, Kunming and Nanking. Came home on the Marine Adder, landing in San Francisco on May 30, 1946. Haven't seen many AACS fellows mentioned in the Roundup.

FRANK F. KELLEY,
Benton Harbor, Mich.

Found Memories

● For myself and no doubt many ex-CBI vets, many thanks for the found memories your great issues bring to us. I served with the 2nd Bn., 475th Inf., Co. G.

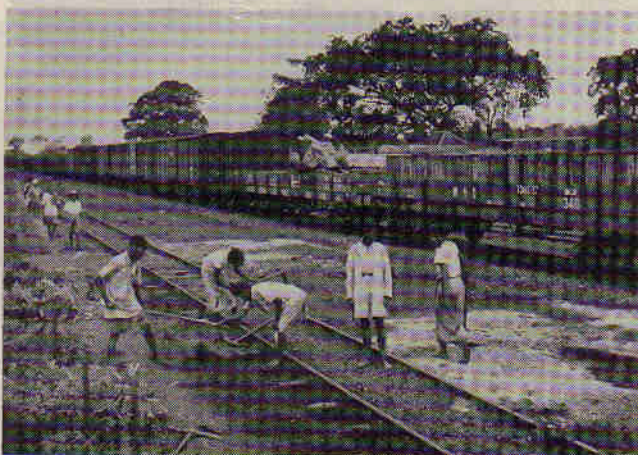
A. TURCHET JR.,
Napa, Calif.



Sgt. WALTER J. FARRELL gives Chinese foreman money to pay coolies who work on the field at Mangshih, China. U.S. Army photo.



MEN OF THE 48th Malaria Control Detachment use blower type duster to cover mosquito breeding area near Ledo with DDT. U.S. Army photo.



COOLIES REPAIRING track at Sorbhog, India, as train loaded with military equipment passes. U.S. Army photo.

To the Editor

Old Buddy

● I was loaned the May 1952 issue and the guy on the cover was in my outfit.

SHIRLEY ADAMS,
Millville, N.J.

Haunting Memories

● It's certainly nice to see so many familiar names and places in our magazine. Many memories return from the hazy past to haunt me. Received my lapel pin and am darned proud to wear it.

WM. H. COOK,
Ardersley, Pa.

Now Union Road!

● Am sure that former CBI-ers would be interested to learn that Burma's wartime Stilwell Road will be renamed the Union Road, according to an Associated Press dispatch on Sept. 3rd. I think this is nay teik for the road should retain its name in honor of the General who was responsible for its construction. Can anything be done about it?

LEE BAKKER,
Seattle, Wash.

Germany CBI Club?

● This base is loaded with CBI vets. Best known one is our wing commander, Col. Robert L. Scott, author of "God is My Co-Pilot." My immediate supervisor was a CWO at Tezgaon, 51st Service Group. He is Mr. Charlie Trapp, a very good golfer here. Many other CBI-ers here. Several of them have been talking of forming a CBI Club here in Germany.

T. F. KINNETT,
APO, New York

Burma Pontoon Bridge

● Was stationed in Myitk-yina with the 1007th Special Service Engineer Bn. We built the largest pontoon bridge in the world, made of steel welded and bolted barges used as pontoons. This was across the Irrawaddy River. My outfit didn't even get an honorable mention in your magazine, and I've been a subscriber for the past four years to your wonderful publication.

JOHN GIARRATANO,
Orangeburg, N.Y.

Army Nurse

● I was the former Rosemary Arnold, army nurse, stationed in Karachi; also with the 112th Station (263rd General Hospital in Calcutta; and then with a B-29 outfit in Piaradoba, attached to the 97th Station Hospital there before returning to the States.

ROSEMARY BROOKS,
Richmond, Ind.

Wears Patch

● Sorry I couldn't make the reunion this year, but was playing nursemaid to some 40 ROTC cadets. Am presently on active duty and proudly wear my patch on all shirts and blouses. Many conversations and questions evolve around this fact and I enjoy them all.

Lt. EARL HARRIS,
Donaldson AFB, N.C.

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SEEDGE LeBLANG

Metropolitan Opera

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T/Sgt. CHARLES O. MASTERS conducts spleen census of natives in an Assam village to determine amount of malaria present in area. Photo June 1945 by U.S. Army.

Honorary Editor

● . . . Roundup supplies me and I know many others with monthly nostalgia. You may remember I was honorary editor of CBI Roundup, issue of Dec. 1st, 1943. Now I am a subscriber. Terribly sorry I couldn't be with the gang in Omaha. I know it was good.

JOE E. BROWN,
New York, N. Y.

2472nd QM Truck

● Former C.O., 2472nd QM Truck Co., now practicing law in Batesville, Ark. Will answer all letters from former members.

CALDWELL T. BENNETT,
Batesville, Ark.

Darjeeling Story

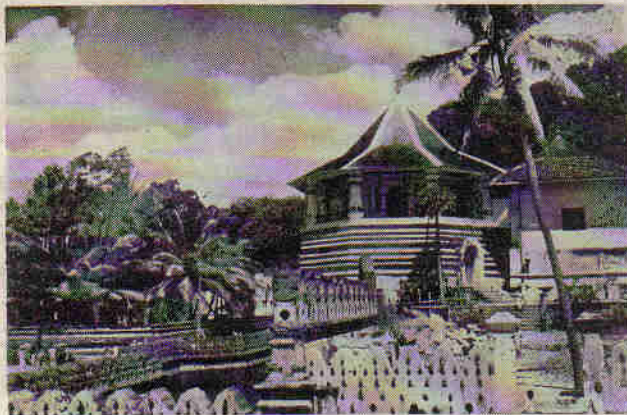
● Am looking forward to seeing an article with plenty of photos about the Darjeeling area where I spent 15 of my happiest days in the CBI at a rest camp.

PHILIP SCHIFNAGEL,
New York, N.Y.

1083rd Signal Co.

● Was with the 1083rd Signal Co. at Jorhat and Tezpur. Would certainly be glad to hear from anyone who was in the old outfit.

JOHN A. YOUNG,
Carthage, Texas



FAMOUS TEMPLE of the Tooth in Kandy, Ceylon, wherein Buddha's tooth is claimed to be kept. Buddhists come from great distances to worship here. Photo by Sedge LeBlanc.

China Pictures

● Spent 2½ years in China, mostly at Kweilin and Liuchow. I really enjoy the China pictures.

JOHN W. LEE,
Washington, Ia.

Chinese Combat Comd.

● Was with the Chinese Combat Command and always look for letters from former members but see very few. Was also at Ramgarh for six months. Would be glad to hear from any of the old gang.

GEORGE B. DIBBLE,
Montgomery, Ala.

Dunne Report

● Wish you could run articles like Frances Dunne's "Report on Pakistan" more often.

SMITH DAWLESS,
Swannanoa, N.C.

271st M.P. Co.

● Have seen only two letters from any of the fellows who were in our outfit, 271st M.P. Co. Roundup really brings back some memories that I had almost forgotten about. I always read it as soon as I get it in the mail.

JOE YUNGER,
Madison, Wis.

11th Combat Cargo

● No one will ever know how much I enjoy each issue. They bring back memories of familiar places. I was with the 11th Combat Cargo (or 331st Airdrome) Squadron.

RAYMOND RICHMER,
New Albany, Ind.

14th Air Depot

● Was a member of the 14th Air Depot Group, stationed at Panagarh and Shanghai. Would like to hear from anyone in the outfit or who was in India in 1943-44 and China 1945-46.

ROBERT SHEETS,
RD3, Coraopolis, Pa.



TROOPS OF CHINESE 8th Army carry equipment to bivouac area outside the city of Luliang, China. Note sign on wall advertising restaurant. U.S. Army photo.



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